

THE  
ADVENTURERS:

A F A R C E.

I N T W O A C T S.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

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D U B L I N:

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M,DCC,XC.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

## M E N.

<i>Sir Peregrine Bramble,</i>	-	Mr. SUETT.
<i>Lord Gleanwell,</i>	- -	Mr. R. PALMER.
<i>Peregrine Bramble, Son to</i>	}	Mr. BANNISTER.
<i>Sir Peregrine,</i>		
<i>Metaphor, his Tutor,</i>	-	Mr. WHITFIELD.
<i>Peter,</i>	- - -	Mr. BURTON.
<i>Landlord,</i>	- - -	Mr. MADDOX.
<i>Waiter,</i>	- - -	Mr. BENSON.

## W O M E N.

<i>Lady Bramble,</i>	- -	Mrs. HOPKINS.
<i>Harriet Bramble,</i>	- -	Miss COLLINS.
<i>Kitty,</i>	- -	Miss HEARD.

SCENE lies at Dover.



# P R O L O G U E:

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND,

And Spoken by Mr. WHITFIELD.

**T**O point the shaft that, wing'd with humour,  
hits  
The courtiers' follies, and the humbler cits,  
Wide o'er the field dramatic scribblers range,  
From gay St. James's, to the sober 'Change,  
Join Fashion's circle, where my lady doats  
On the soft warblings of Italian throats;  
Or, feast with those on more substantial fare;  
Where smoaking haunches taint the luscious air;  
Till from the weeds which choak a gen'rous soil  
Some curious non-descript repay the toil.  
To night, a stripling with advent'rous aim,  
Draws a long bow, and shoots at flying game;  
A restless roving groupe he brings to view,  
Like birds of passage to the sportsman due;  
Lets fly the shaft of mirth at those who roam,  
When ev'ry wish can best be crown'd at home.  
Scarce has the Bard his twentieth winter seen,  
A sprig of quick and forward growth, though green:  
Let soft'ring Zephyrs round the nurpling play,  
And fan the blossom struggling into day.  
For you he writes, who love the free-born jest,  
Without the aid of foreign cook'ry dress;  
Prefer the scene where native passions glow,  
To Vestr's turning on the pivot toe.



# 4 P R O L O G U E.

Not led by Fashion's varying taste to seek  
 Refin'd amusement in a puppet's squeak;  
 But laugh when pleas'd, tho' ridicule is known,  
 To point the joke at manners like your own.  
 This night, would critics lurking in the pit,  
 Those shrewd Inspectors of dramatic wit,  
 Each error mark—expose him to default;  
 And swear he's smuggled all his attic salt,  
 By you—his judges—let his fame be clear'd;  
 And Ladies—spare him—till he gets a beard.

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The AUTHOR is happy in thus publicly expressing his obligation to MR. KEMBLE, for the handsome manner with which he received this trifle; and his acknowledgments to the Performers, for the very able support given to it in representation.

T H E



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THE  
ADVENTURERS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Coffee-house.*

(*Bar Bell ringing.*)

*Enter LANDLORD.*

**J**OH<sup>N</sup>, Dick, Harry! where the Devil are you all? I keep more waiters than any house in Dover, and yet there is no one to answer!

*Enter JOHN.*

*John.* Here am I, Sir. — Dick's bottling off some fresh old port; the last's too sharp, and will only serve for claret at the sag-end of a drunken dinner — without you chuse to keep it for election negus.

*Land.* Have the frontignac corks ready seal'd with yellow wax; and, d'ye hear, — let them make the last hogshhead of currant-juice into Cape wine; and do you go to the family just arriv'd — If they are English, be sure you take 'em for French, — and if French, mind you call 'em English. — We must humour people, or there's nothing to be done in our way —

*John.* It's an English family, I know. — I saw them land. —

*Land.* Why then don't forget to give them a peerage, and let it come trippingly from the tongue; never fear, man. (*Exit John.*) Such a fuss about

new creations indeed! Why I give away peerages by hundreds, and could never find out that the constitution was a jot the worse for it.—(*Bell rings.*)  
Coming! coming! *Exit.*

*Enter METAPHOR, as just arrived.*

*Met.* This travelling tutorship's no bad hit for a man in my desperate circumstances, and young Bramble likely to improve wonderfully, both in morals and knowledge by my precepts. What could the old miserly knight expect! Eighty pounds a year indeed! Why it's not journeyman's wages—'gad these cits, though hard feeders themselves, fancy that men of genius are like Cameleons, to be fed on air;—it requires no small skill in politics to reconcile the opposite interests of father and son—the one recommends travelling, to polish the manners, and sends us to make the grand tour;—the other thinks the betting post at Newmarket the best School for eloquence, and the purlieus of Covent Garden as refined as any court in Europe. (*Y. Peregrine talking behind.*) Eh!—why zounds here is young Peregrine, pray heaven all is right—

*Enter Y. BRAMBLE.*

I did not expect to see you yet.

*Y. Per.* Eh! What my dapper little preceptor! How fares it my tight imp of convenience?

*Met.* Hold, hold, Peregrine—'gad you frighten me out of my wits.—Old squaretoes is still in Paris, I hope.

*Y. Per.* Yes, yes, snug enough, the last I heard of him.

*Met.* Then I'm easy.—But what brought you here so much sooner than we had fixed?—any new game in view?

*Y. Per.* Not altogether that, my lad—though no bad thing by the bye—It's a frolic—a mere frolic—you know I am a dead hand at fun.—

Well,

Well, Sam Splint, Dick Dash, and I, were at the club in London, t'other night, and so we got talking about walkers, boxers, bottle-holders, and such like fashionable subjects.—Who's for a sweep-stakes, says I—Done cry both—Staked a cool hundred each—mounted our best geldings, and off we set——

*Met.* What! on the public road?

*Y. Per.* Shews bottom, man—Shews bottom. Why, 'twas but the other day Jack Spavin bolted an old apple-woman into the parcel-post at Cripple-gate; and in a few seconds after, the dog foundered on a Jew pedlar in the Borough. Now, there was blood for you—full blood—none of your grovellers.

*Met.* But to the point.—

*Y. Per.* Well,—poor Sam Splint—a sad weak headed fellow, that can't carry off above two bottles—half cut before we set off—dropt him speechless at Rochester—on we canter'd to Canterbury—where Dick's bit of blood slipt his shoulder—he handfelled the new pavement with a broken head—I touch'd a hundred each—and here I am—smack and smooth as you see—

*Met.* Bravo, Jack—but you should keep closer—your father supposes us in Russia—and some damn'd dull matter-of-fact fellow will be telling him he saw you here.—

*Y. Per.* Why haven't you written one of my travelling letters to him lately.—

*Met.* Oh, yes! in your last we were at Peterburgh, and you gave an accurate account of great Tom's weight and inches.

*Y. Per.* The devil I did! split me if ever I heard the fellow's name before.

*Met.* By the bye, I wish you would read my book of travels, to be prepared against any impertinent questions, and for fear of a surprize.

*Y. Per.*



*Y. Per.* Oh, 'twill be time enough when we're off—'tis but 24 hours work man—I'll scud over 'em in no time—why, I can breakfast on Russia—make a luncheon of the Pope's toe at Rome—get drunk with the serene Musti at dinner—and sup on a bull feast in Spain.

*Met.* Well, well, since you are so expeditious, I must abridge the more—a shilling pamphlet will take you over the continent.

*Y. Per.* Too long by half man—not above 20 pages, d'ye hear—I should like to devour all Europe at a meal.

*Met.* You shall be satisfied; but pray be more careful.

*Y. Per.* Never fear me—I'm off in the 24—you know Kate the chambermaid.

*Met.* How should I, when I'm just arriv'd?

*Y. Per.* A good tight clever wench, let me tell you—fresh from Brighton—neat as imported you luscious rogue—match well with my curricule and greys—goes off with me to-morrow.

*Met.* The devil she does; but the road's too public man—the whole corporation are going on a diluting party to wash off their grease at Margate. We shall certainly be blown—zounds! Common-Councilmen are as thick on this road as turnpikes.

*Y. Per.* And what then? They don't know me from the Devil's dyke, or we should have been done up long ago. 'Tis but a ten days spirt, and then we'll to Petersburg, for fear the old cur should wind us.

*Met.* Eh! what the devil! why, there's Peter—I thought so—I knew what would come of it—Sir Peregrine's arrived, I am sure.

*Y. Per.* How cursed unlucky! here, stand aside man, stand aside. (*They stand aside.*)

*Enter PETER.*

*Peter.* Landlord, go to my master, and order me a pot of Porter. Thank heaven! I'm in Old England

land again. Pd sooner ride old Ball, our blind coach-horse, bare back'd than their cursed biddies, as they call them, with a piece of wood charged with hob-nails for a saddle—flesh and blood can't bear it—and then their boots—they're like cannonades—Newgate fetters must be velvet to them—come away landlord. *(He is going out.)*

*Y. Per.* Hift ! Peter, Peter. *(Peter comes back.)*

*Met.* S'death ! what are you doing Jack ? d'ye mean to blow us ?

*Y. Per.* What Peter, does'nt ye know me, man ?

*Peter.* Lord Sir, is it you ? why master told us that you were among the lions and tigers in Russia to *laarne* manners and foreign tongues—Pattiesbog, I think he say'd—how surprized he and my lady will be !

*Y. Per.* They are arrived then ?

*Peter.* Oh yes, Sir, and Miss Harriet too, and all the valuables, except the old family coach, which they turn'd into a baggage-waggon, and my travelling journal. Oh the illiterary dogs ! what d'ye think they did with that ?

*Y. Per.* Upon my soul, Peter, I can't say.

*Peter.* Why, Sir, they—made it into cartridges—ramm'd down their bullets with my observations, as if they were brown paper—such a logical description of Paris, 'twould have made your honour's hair stand an end !

*Y. Per.* Indeed !

*Met.* Prythee, Peregrine, leave trifling—what d'ye intend to do ? *(Aside to Peregrine.)*

*Y. Per.* Let me alone, man—I tell you I have a scheme—and how are they all, Peter ?

*Peter.* As usual, Sir,—you know its all wrong with master, and all right with mistress ; so between right and wrong, why we jog on in the middling way.

*Y. Per.* What, they stick to the old text, eh ! Peter.

*Peter.*

*Peter.* Oh dear me! aye, Sir; 'twas only last night, Sir Peregrine stepping into the boat, plump'd over board, and when he was taken out dripping wet, my lady say'd, it might have been worse; and as it turned out, why 'twas only a salt water bath, cleanly and refreshing, after a hard journey, while Sir Peregrine swore he believ'd she'd have him drown himself for the benefit of the human society—begging your honour's pardon, they are the oddest couple—the strangest—I'm sorry to say so before you, Sir, but—

*Y. Per.* Oh, no ceremony with me, Peter—I beg of you, no ceremony with me—I've a favour to ask you—tell the family you have seen Metaphor; but not a word of me—you take me—mum for that! close, you know Peter—close as a—blackleg.—

*Met.* Why, what the devil do you mean? (*To Peregrine.*)

*Peter.* Ah! your honour's a fly one; you may always depend on me.—You know master calls me Peter Truth.—I have been dumb, deaf, and blind to serve you—many's the blessed time, and oft.

[*Exit Peter.*]

*Met.* But I don't see what I'm to do in the business—If I see Sir Peregrine, what can I tell him?

*Y. Per.* That I heard of his return, and fann'd to London to meet him.

*Met.* And how am I to bring you from Peterf-burgh in five days?

*Y. Per.* Why did you ever bundle me there? What an awkward dog you must be! A plague on such fellows.—You should have kept me within a day's journey of England.

*Met.* I can't tell Sir Peregrine why its a palpable lie.

*Y. Per.* A palpable lie indeed! And what then? Can't you tell him a lie? Why, what were you hired



hired for?—Damme, I could tell truth myself;—why, any fool can tell truth.

*Met.* Nay, nay, but let us have at least an air of probability in our story, or we shall certainly be detected.

*Y. Per.* Sdeath!—Do I, chuck you in a cool fifty every spring meeting, that you should talk to me of probability and detection? A pretty preceptor indeed! Why I would not give a splint for such a fellow; can't get over a trifling probability; not up to making a cit believe what's impossible? Why, you're stupid. Zounds, I'll run and make my peace at your expence.

*Met.* Nay, stay; Peregrine, stay; I'll do it; I'll do it.

*Y. Per.* Go, then, immediately, and no more scruples: are not you hir'd to help me to do over the old put, with spirit, as becomes a gentleman; and d'ye want to give in for fear of a little jostle! Pluck up, up man; pluck up. I'll keep out of the way, and we shall win in a hand canter (*Exit.*

*Met.* What a scrape am I in! The old fellow's ideas of geography don't extend much beyond 'Change and Leadenhall-street: there's some comfort in that. Besides I must go through with it. The young rascal knows he can ruin me; and when a man's character has a few mysterious shades in it, however dignified his situation, he must think concealment cheaply purchased at any rate.

### SCENE, a Room in the Inn

*Enter Sir PEREGRINE BRAMBLE and Lady BRAMBLE.*

*Sir Per.* My Lady, my Lady, you'd make a saint mad.—Persuade me indeed it's all for the best that I have been cursed with such a sickness the whole passage.—Why nobody's so bad as I am: I have

have such a plaguy weak squeamish stomach, the very smell of the vessel upsets me.

*Lady Bram.* Harriett and I were both as sick as you, and yet we did not complain.—No ; Doctor Balsam recommends it as wholesome ; particularly for you, gross feeders, it's the finest emetic.

*Sir Per.* I hate emetics.

*Lady Bram.* Sir Peregrine, Sir Peregrine, do you mend any of these inconveniencies by your perpetual complaints ?—Why, you are a mere croaking catalogue of accidents, and a whining register of the calamities incident to human nature.—You should imitate me.

*Sir Per.* Imitate you ! why, all misfortunes are sport ; a fund of merriment to you : damme if I don't believe a national bankruptcy would be a new comedy to you.

*Lady Bram.* For shame, Sir Peregrine : but where and in what are you unfortunate ?—Are you not knighted ? Have you not an ample fortune, and the most fashionable woman in the city for your wife ?

*Sir Per.* Fashionable ! Aye, that's one of my plagues ; I hate every thing that is fashionable ; What had I to do with the Opera :—there's a piece of good fortune now—an instance of my singular good luck—the Opera-house was burnt down merely because I had bought a couple of shares a fortnight before.

*Lady Bram.* It will teach you more prudence, Sir Peregrine ; you should have insured it.

*Sir Per.* Insured it ! the insurance office would have broke if I had ! Why, I had no sooner got to Paris than French gaiety fell in love with English liberty, merely to plague me, I believe, and endanger my life ; then, instead of learning French, 'gad they were near teaching me the dead languages.

*Lady*

*Lady Bram.* Nonsense, Sir Peregrine—merely the effects of your pusillanimity ;—an Englishman is respected all over the world.

*Sir Per.* Aye, aye, so he may ; but not such an unlucky dog as I am. Why, I am not safe even in London ; I never walk the streets without imminent danger of my life ; nothing escapes me, from a pick-pocket to an overdrove ox ; sprained ankles and broken fingers, in frosty weather, are mere flea-bites to me. Was I not obliged to give up my house on Fish-street-hill for fear of a friendly visit from the monument, it had given me so many good-natur'd nods every high wind.

*Lady Bram.* There's a proof of your ridiculous whim ; the monument is standing as firm as ever.

*Sir Per.* Aye ; but 'twas because I got out of its reach ! There was my house at Highgate—a fine healthy situation—I had not been there two months before some damn'd charitable fellow built a dispensary next door ; and instead of breathing the pure fresh country air, I never dar'd open my mouth, for fear of sucking down the effluvia of a pestilential sore throat.

*Lady Bram.* Well, Sir Peregrine, we moved to a situation equally pleasant, and equally healthy.

*Sir Per.* Did I ever buy an annuity that the man did not either shoot himself through the head, or go off in a galloping consumption, before the year was out ? Why, there was a fine, florid, healthy young fellow, that I kept on purpose—the dog lived on the fat of the land too—sound wind and limb—none of your drunkards or wenchers ;—and yet I had no sooner pitted him, than the rascal took it into his head to turn methodist, went to preach among the savages, and damme if I know any more of him than I do of the wandering Jew.

*Lady Bram.* Your money should have been employed in the service of your country, Sir Pere-



grine; these idle speculations ought never to succeed. But where's my Lord?

*Sir Per.* Gallanting Harriet, I suppose; I left them together.

*Lady Bram.* I hope you'll make that out to be unfortunate too, meeting with his Lordship just where our carriage broke down.

*Sir Per.* But why the devil did the carriage break down? answer me that! besides I know nothing of his Lordship's fortune or character.

*Lady Bram.* Always suspicious: his manners proclaim him a man of fashion and——

*Sir Per.* But his estate; his estate. I never heard him talk of his landed property, except when he offered to supply me with spruce from America—and I'd as soon drink Daffy's Elixir.

*Lady Bram.* Why, his Lordship has 40,000 acres there.

*Sir Per.* And what are 40,000 acres good for, with squirrels for tenants, and hickory nuts to pay rent with? I'd rather have a forty-shilling freehold in the county of Middlesex.—How, Mr. Metaphor here!

*Enter METAPHOR.*

*Lady Bram.* This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure.

*Sir Per.* Why, where's Peregrine?

*Met.* In London, Sir, by this time. When he heard of the French troubles, he concluded you would return to England; and such was the strength of his affection, that, in spite of my entreaties he flew to meet you.

*Lady Bram.* The dear affectionate creature! ah, he is my own boy; his mother's fine feelings.

*Sir Per.* Flew! why, he must have flown indeed! Zounds, he was in Peterburgh six days ago.

*Met.*

*Met.* Six days ago ! oh ! dear, no Sir.—I must brazen it out. (*Aside.*)

*Sir Per.* Why, I have the letter in my pocket ; it's dated the 4th, and this is only the 10th.

*Met.* Is it ? no, surely ; it can't be.

*Sir Per.* Why, I must believe my own eyes ; it's dated the 4th, I tell you.

*Met.* Bless me ! so it is. Ah, that's the worst of Peregrine ; you know he's rather careless ; dates sometimes after, and sometimes before.

*Lady Bram.* A mighty wonder indeed ! A pretty fuss you make, Sir Peregrine, about a small difference in date, the effects of Peregrine's giddiness.

*Sir Per.* 'Gad, I don't understand the meaning of all this. But you don't do so, Mr. Metaphor ; you are not apt to be careless ; and I have a letter of your's dated the 3d.

*Met.* The devil ! why, yes, Sir Peregrine, that is the 3d, to be sure ; the 3d—of—of—of old file. You know the Russians count that way, count by the old file ; yes—the—3d of old file is about the 23d of new.—Aye, aye, that you see makes it right.—Odd enough, that I should date that way, tho'—(What a lucky hit !)

*Lady Bram.* I don't think that. —When you are in Rome, you should do as they do in Rome.—You see, Sir Peregrine, when people set themselves up for wits and critics, they should know more of the matter.

*Met.* Your Ladyship felt no inconvenience from the troubles in France ?—

*Lady Bram.* No, indeed, Sir, none. I wished Sir Peregrine to stay, but he has no ideas of patriotism.

*Sir Per.* No ideas of patriotism ? I am a true Briton, and have nothing to do with their disputes —if 'twas in England, indeed, 'twould be

different; there I'm as much a patriot as the best of 'em.

*Lady Bram.* As far as a common council dinner, or getting drunk at an election.

*Sir Per.* Do I ever vote with the minister? Answer me that.

*Met.* Pray, Sir, what was done in your house last session?

*Sir Per.* Don't mention it, Mr. Metaphor,—don't mention it.—I never went down to the house well cramm'd with a ready-made extempore speech at my tongue's end, that one of your confounded clever fellows didn't get up and anticipate all I was going to say.—

*Lady Bram.* Except once, Sir Peregrine; except once.—

*Sir Per.* Aye, I shall never hear the last of it! How the Devil can one remember their infernal Indian names!—Ecod I misnam'd Nuncomar, Nincompoop; and had Susan Dowla brought to bed of twins, instead of old Mammy Begum.

*Lady Bram.* Why will you touch on such subjects, Sir Peregrine?

*Sir Per.* They talk'd of nothing else.

*Lady Bram.* For shame, Sir Peregrine: Britons should at this moment feel more than ever the peculiar blessings of their situation, at once the envy of Europe, and the great object of their enlighten'd neighbours.

*Sir Per.* Enlighten'd, indeed! you may say that—'gad they're so enlighten'd as to consider eating and drinking mere physical necessities.—so I'll e'en take a peep at the larder, and order supper myself, lest they should forget we have just cross'd the channel.

(*Exit.*)

*Enter*



*Enter Lord GLEANWELL and HARRIETT.*

*Lord Glean.* Give me leave to resign my accomplished charge into your Ladyship's hands. I trust I have the satisfaction of finding you perfectly recovered from the fatigues of travelling.

*Lady Bram.* Oh yes! my Lord; you know I take things as I find them; I'm afraid Harriet has been troublesome.

*Har.* His Lordship's politeness will not permit him to say so. —

*Met.* Does my eyes deceive me? sure it can't, and yet it must be that fellow, Shift! (*Aside.*)

*Har.* Bless me, Mr. Metaphor, here! this is, indeed, unhop'd for. — Where is my brother?

*Met.* In London, Madam, by this time.

(*Metaphor and Lord Gleanwell eye each other, during the whole of this Scene.*)

*Har.* How, in London!

*Lord Glean.* That rascal, Mar-all, as I live! But sure the villain won't recollect me, or if he does, he will not dare avow it, after the trick he play'd me at Scarborough. (*Aside.*)

*Lady Bram.* Gentlemen, I beg pardon; Lord Gleanwell, Mr. Metaphor, my son's tutor; Mr. Metaphor, Lord Gleanwell —

*Met.* Oh! It must be he. — Now to try him. — (*Aside.*) Gleanwell — I remember the name — the Gleanwells of Essex, my Lord?

*Lord Glean.* The rascal remembers me, I see. (*Aside.*) No, Sir, of Newtree Park.

*Met.* Newtree Park! (*looking earnestly*) cousins to the Essex family, I suppose, my Lord?

*Enter WAITER.*

*Waiter.* Would not your Ladyship wish to see the rooms prepared for your reception?

*Lady Bram.* Oh! yes, by all means. — Come, Harriet, the gentlemen will excuse us.

*112*

[Lord Gleanwell *hands* Lady Bramble and Miss Harriet to the door,—and is going off on the other side.]

*Met.* Not so easy, fair and softly, Sir, (*Aside.*) My Lord! my Lord! a word with you, if you please.

*Lord Glean.* (*returns unwillingly*) A word with me, Sir? you could not choose a more unfortunate moment—I'm inconceivably hurried—pray, Sir, be expeditious.—

*Met.* I think I have had the pleasure of seeing your Lordship before, not at Newtree Park tho'—

*Lord Glean.* Then you certainly have the advantage, Sir, for I really do not recollect that set of features. But where was it, and when? Electioneering I suppose.—A man of fashion's acquaintance is so extensive, now-a days—from St. Giles's to Portland-place, that really it's impossible to recollect every body. (*superciliously.*)

*Met.* Does your lordship remember being robb'd of a hundred guineas, at Scarborough, about three years ago: the money accidentally—by pure accident, my Lord,—came into my hands; and I have wished to find out the real owner ever since.—A strong resemblance— (*eyeing him.*)

*Lord Glean.* You have the money then, Sir?

*Met.* Yes, my Lord; what a load you will take off my conscience!—

*Lord Glean.* Ah, damn it—that's too much—there's no gorging that.

*Met.* What did your Lordship say?

*Lord Glean.* Say, Sir, why what can I say—such matchless honesty struck me dumb. (*ironically.*)

*Met.* Poh! poh! you may safely confide in me—Come, my Lord, few men would want pressing on such an occasion.—

*Lord Glean.* Few men would give the opportunity, Mr. Metaphor. (*ironically.*) I only do an act of common

common justice; your's is an action, that does credit to human nature.

*Met.* Damnation ! this is intolerable !

*Lord Glean.* And I have only to regret, Sir, it is not in my power (*ironically*) at present, to cultivate so valuable an acquaintance.—I leave you with a real and unaffected concern—enjoy, Sir, those rapturous sensations, conscious worth and moral rectitude only are capable of experiencing. But we shall meet again, I trust. — (*bows, and is going off.*)

*Met.* Oh ! I shall burst ;—hark ye, Shift, alias Aimwell, alias True-good, alias — alias Lord Gleanwell, this insolence is not to be borne— I'll 'peach, I'll hang you, tho' I swing myself for it—Let me into your plot—bribe me to secrecy and I'll assist you ; else dread my vengeance.—

*Lord Glean.* He certainly may blow me, and his assistance would be convenient. I must dissemble—(*aside*)—*laughing*—ha, ha, ha ! What, Tom, did'st think me serious.—ha, ha, ha ! Did'st think I wouldn't know thee, boy ? Come to my arms, thou honest partner of my heart. (*they embrace.*)

*Met.* And thou, the dear associate of my best exploits.

*Lord Glean.* Treacherous villain ! (*aside.*)

*Met.* Hypocritical rascal ! (*aside.*)

*Lord Glean.* What think you of my present scheme on the heiress ? If I could carry her off before I get to town.—Set your wits o' t'work, Jack.—She's so cursedly squeamish, and I am grown stupid I think, whether 'tis my title, or—

*Met.* Zounds ! fire the house, and carry her off in the confusion !

*Lord Glean.* No bad hit, if you'll undertake it.—When once I get her into my hands I'll make a priest necessary, whether she will or no. Do you  
pre-



prepare every thing, as my absence might create suspicion.

*Mit.* Never fear my lad, make my excuse at supper; I'll away to business.—Expedition is more than half way to success. *(Exit.)*

*Lord Glean.* *(alone.)* What an unlucky meeting! however I must make the most of it—he may be useful, and if the rascal could be trusted,—I'd back his abilities against any man's in the profession.

*Re-enter Lady BRAMBLE and HARRIET.*

*Lady Bram.* We have many apologies to make to your Lordship.

*Har.* An English inn is, compared with those on the continent, an absolute palace.

*Lady Bram.* At least those of France.—Did your Lordship visit Italy?

*Lord Glean.* No, Madam; it was my intention, and indeed my wish, as I had my travels through that country ready printed before I sat off.

*Both Ladies.* How, my Lord?

*Lord Glean.* Does that surprize you, ladies—Why, the thing's clear,—A man can never write the description of a country he has seen so well as of one he never saw,—he is free from prejudice, and uninfluenced by matter of fact, which can only damp a lively imagination, and prevent his travelling with becoming poetical boldness.

*Har.* Pray, my Lord, what has poetical boldness to do in a book of travels.—Egregious conceit!

*Lord Glean.* To do, Miss? why it's the very essence of them. Who ever bought travels, through France to know the amount of her taxes; or Italy, to read a description of the Vatican.—These are subjects which your modern travellers leave as stale and already written into oblivion—

No!

No! no! Madam.—'tis anecdote, dear anecdote, that tells—

*Enter Sir PEREGRINE.*

*Sir Per.* Now, my Lord,—away with you—there it is, smoaking hot.—'Twould have been perfect had not a hungry refugee march'd off with a roast fowl, and deluged the beef steaks with egg au ce, in his hasty retreat. (*Lord Gleanwell hands the ladies out.*) Odzooks no ceremony; what a fuss my lady makes with a lord indeed! What's a lord! I wish they paid better, that's all. Most of my bad book-debtors are to be found in Collins's Peerage. (*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II

SCENE I. *A passage.—Room of the inn—  
Folding doors in the flat.*

*Enter KITTY, alone.*

*Kitty.* **S**O then, at last, I have discovered your friend Mar-all; though the principal has escap'd me at least, I'll be revenged of his infamous associate.—He has not yet seen me, nor shall he till I get to town, where I can bring full proofs of his villainy, and completely expose him to Sir Peregrine's resentment.

*Enter Young PEREGRINE.*

*Y. Per.* Now Kate; now for it, my girl—I'll have a chaise at the door, and while the family's asleep—'gad we'll be in London before they miss us—besides you know I'm at years of discretion, and therefore at liberty to play the fool as much as I please—

*Kitty.* But what will Mr. Metaphor say?

*Y. Per.* Metaphor say!—Zounds, wench, he's my travelling tutor—the pleasantest convenient tit for all work—talks—writes—lies for me.—Chose him myself—the dog's full bred—mettlefome as a filly, and knowing as a six year old.—

*Kitty.* Well, Sir, you won't forget the settlement: when a poor girl quits her friends and her virtue, to follow a young man; she should have something to make her amends.

*Y. Per.* Nay, Kate, never doubt my honour; I will do any thing for you, but marry you; and upon my soul I love you too well for that: 'twould be such a devilish cut upon a man to love his own wife.—You'll wear the mask, for fear of accidents.

*Kitty.*



*Kitty.* Yes, yes and I am not to speak a syllable; never fear me, I remember my instructions; but mind you're punctual, as Miss Harriet will be a-bed in a quarter of an hour after she goes into the room, and then I shall be obliged to quit her.—

*Y. Per.* True as my stop-watch, girl; and you had best slip on one of her gowns, if you can; nobody will stop us then, for who the devil would hinder my running away with my own sister—'Sdeath! here's Sir Peregrine and the whole tribe: I'll to the stables and wait the quarter. (*Exeunt opposite ways.*)

*Enter Sir PEREGRINE, Lady BRAMBLE, HARRIET, and Lord GLEANWELL, from the folding doors.*

*Sir Per.* Your Ladyship may play dummy another time! I'm an annuity to my friends at cards, and have lost a very pretty fortune at your curs'd routs. Damme if I ever win, except at sixpenny whist!

*Lady Bram.* Nay, Sir Peregrine, you know you have never been at a rout since you was wedged between a new peer and a German baron at my Lady Brimful's.

*Sir Per.* Aye—a rout—a rout's the fashionable term for suffocation in a nauseous atmosphere, among a jumble of people, cramm'd and huddled together like fowls in a fattening coop.—Our old hospitality is lost in ostentation, while cards, dice, or dilettanti scraping, supply the place of rational conversation.

*Lady Bram.* Why didn't you visit Italy, Sir Peregrine? that's the country for a refin'd conversation.

*Lord Glean.* Your Ladyship must indeed have been mortified in not visiting that school for the fine arts.

*Sir*

*Sir Per.* Oh for the arts, my Lord ! I'll shew you a collection of statues at my Islington villa, that will match Deputy Bute's show-shop.

*Lady Bram.* Don't talk of it, Sir Peregrine—my Lord, he has placed Mercury on the top of the house, with a brazen cap, and black caduceus, that passengers take him for one of Jonas Hanway's sweeps brandishing his shovel.

*Lord Glean.* The idea is indeed whimsical : but there's no standing the poignancy of your Ladyship's wit.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Sir Per.* Wit indeed ! pray Sir, where are all my servants ? *(To the Waiter.)*

*Waiter.* We were oblig'd to have them put to bed some time ago.

*Sir Per.* Look'ye there now—is any man serv'd so but me—Four servants, and not one fit to wait on me. I've tried all nations, and all countries ; they're all alike—your German drinks ; your Dutchman smoaks ; your Swiss lies ; then your Frenchman—oh ! foregad, I'll never have another Frenchman—the dog cut my new black velvet breeches into capes for his coat ; and then, he stole every bit of muslin he could lay his hands on, and swaggered with a bunch at his neck, that put me in mind of the monstrous craws.

*Lady Bram.* Indeed, Sir Peregrine, our Servants are far better than the generality, and we must look over these trifles.

*Sir Per. (To the Waiter.)* Have you remov'd the great dog, as I desired ? in these inns one is commonly curs'd with an animal for peace and security, that keeps up a pleasant howl all night in the yard, by way of accompaniment to a cater wauling squabble on the tiles ; and then the rats, if there's one in the house, he is sure to nose me—I'm oil of anniseed to them.

*Waiter.*

*Waiter.* My master has plac'd you up two pair of stairs, Sir, because the apartments are newly fitted up, and you so particularly requested it.

*Sir Per.* You are sure then there's no epidemic dropp'd by the last comer? why, my Lord, I was once very near catching the jail distemper from an agreeable companion in a post-chaise—and at Calais, they put me into the room the duchess was pickled in—the room the dutchess—and the smell of the pickle—

*Lady Bram.* (*interrupting him.*) Come along, Sir Peregrine—there's no end of your croaking—my Lord, good night. (*Exeunt Sir Per. Lady Bram. and Harriet.*)

*Manet* LORD GLEANWELL, to him METAPHOR.

*Met.* Thus far, Bob, we go on swimmingly—I have a parson, you rogue—Lloyd Libel's just changing countries for a trifling error in judgment, and will do the job *en passant*.

*Lord Glean.* That's lucky, faith!—the girl's cursed coy; but I'll soon bring her too—nothing like a sprightly *tête-a-tête* for sharpening the wit of a young virgin, upon my soul, though I have some scruples about the house, if we could do without it.

*Met.* How! why Bob! scruples from you! from Bob Shift! from—you forget you're among friends man—why, I can't believe my own eyes—I should as soon expect candour from a methodist preacher, charity from a church-warden, or piety from a pert prig parson.

*Lord Glean.* They are not very violent, Jack—they don't choak me—they won't spoil the plot.

*Met.* Only keep close watch, and let's mind our game—you know the room—ware biters bit.

*Lord Glean.* Poh! poh! did you ever know me fail? whistle, and I'll second it—now fortune, now, or never.

*Exit.*

C

*Met.*



*Met. (alone.)* As to firing the house, I humbly thank your Lordship, that's out of the question—the crime would be capital—scents too strongly of a halter—the bare idea gives me a crick o'the neck—besides, the mere alarm will answer our purpose full as well. Let me see—by his Lordship's marriage, I shall secure a snug independency, and I may then resign the precarious drudgery of cub-carrying to the broad shoulders of some other literary porter; so I'll e'en watch till the coast's clear, then give the signal, and bel- low fire as loud as Elliot's floating batteries. (*Exit.*)

SCENE, an Anti-Chamber, with two Bed Rooms.

*Enter Lord GLEANWELL.*

*Lord Glean.* There's her room—let me but keep a good watch, and she can't escape me. The dear angel is probably in a nice calm sleep, little dreaming how wakeful I am for her happiness—3000*l.* a year, independent, clear money. Oh the glorious sum! why, I may get into Parliament. That fellow Mar-all's a devilish drawback though, there's no getting rid of him. I wish to my soul he was well provided for some way or other—marriage, or hanging—a fat widow, or a rope's end—(*A whistle off the stage.*) Eh! there's the signal; now let me softly whisper it.—(*Cries fire towards Harriet's door.*)

*Enter Kitty, mask'd, and in one of Harriet's gowns.*

*Kitty.* This fire is unlucky, I hope Miss Harriet won't hear it—it might lead to a discovery sooner than I wish'd.

*Lord Glean. (In a low voice.)* This way, this way—zounds! how soon she's ready—not a bed I suppose.

*Kitty.*

*Kitty.* Oh! there's Mr. Bramble—all's safe—a little reluctance though will enhance the value of the prize—mum!

*Lord Glean.* This way—trust yourself with me—don't be alarm'd—not a word—that's lucky; for giving tongue too soon might discover me.

*(Exit with Kitty.)*

*Miss HARRIET, at the door of the room*

*Har.* Whence can this noise proceed? surely I heard the cry of fire, and yet the servant has but just quitted me.

*Enter Y. BRAMBLE, (who goes to the door.)*

*Y. Per.* Hift, hift, Kitty! Kitty! now for it, my girl—the fire's a mere flam. Where the devil are you? look sharp—make the play, or we shall be distanc'd.

*Har.* Why, that must be my brother's voice—what can this mean!

*Y. Per.* How can the wench loiter so! come along, I say, Kitty, the whole house is alarm'd—my queer put of a father will be frighten'd out of his wits, and here in a minute or two.

*Har.* So, so, my dear brother, this is your flying to meet us—I'll be even with you.—*(Aside.)* Here am I—*(In a low voice.)*

*Y. Per.* That's right; softly, softly, for fear of breaking down—mum, you know—eh! what you've got no mask? 'gad I must have one buss hussy—nay, Kate, why so coy? *(kisses her.)* fire me, but I'd swear to these lips in a thousand—the prettiest pair of pouters—there's nectar—there's nectar in the touch.

*Har.* Hush, hush—sure, never girl had such compliments paid her by a brother—*(Aside.)*

*Y. Per.* Who would not play the fool with such a tight bit of blood—come wench, come, sister may

may hear us; and she's such a knowing chit, she'd spoil the plot to have the satisfaction of laughing at me. Eh! zounds! I hear Peter—come quick, and we'll tip 'em the go-by in less than the judge could place the first three.

*Har.* Alas! poor Peregrine! *(Exit.)*

*Enter PETER, with a lanthorn, and half dress.*

*Peter.* Oh ravishment! desolation! fire, flames, and furies! oh Lord, Sir Peregrine! oh dear my lady! murder! murder! we shall all be burnt in our beds—taken off in our sleep.

*(To him Sir PEREGRINE, in his night cap.)*

*Sir Per.* Eh! what! what the devil, what! the house on fire! egad I thought so—done on purpose—a second powder plot against me—the damn'd incendiary dogs always at work—zounds how hissing hot it is—I broil already—my lady! my lady! she'll turn salamander, I suppose, and call it her element. Why did I travel? a curse on these large inns—I shall never be able to find my way out—I'll always sleep in a hedge alehouse—*(lays hold on Peter.)* Eh! who's this? thieves! robbers! it's not enough to be baked alive—damme, I'm to be robb'd too by way of variety.

*Peter.* Law, Sir, it's only me; quick, let's escape; only hark! how the old canvas rattles.

*Sir Per.* Escape; aye, certainly; my dear honest Peter, which way, which way, eh?—How good of you to come and save your poor unfortunate master!

*Peter.* Which way Sir? I can't tell; I came to ask you, Sir.

*Sir Per.* Not tell; why, what's to be done then? Zounds! I shall be burnt alive. Oh! I never expected to die a natural death.

*Peter.*



*Peter.* Sir Peregrine, Sir Peregrine here, here's a window.

*Sir Per.* Is there? The only barr'd one in the house, I'll be sworn. Why, I shall never be able to squeeze through.

*Peter.* Oh! Lord, Sir, now I come to look, it's forty feet from the ground.

*Sir Per.* The devil it is. Oh! the cursed second stories; came so high to avoid the rats. Pshaw—but it's always so with me. And, then, there's my Lady; we shall be baked before she'll feel the heat—she has the constitution of a glass-blower.—My Lady! my Lady!

*Lady Bram.* (*From within.*) I'm coming, Sir Peregrine; I'm coming; but I must make myself decent.

*Sir Per.* Decent! damme, I never heard the word in your mouth before.—I'm to be sacrificed to my wife's decency!

*Enter LANDLORD.*

*Land.* I am extremely sorry you have been disturbed, Sir; the alarm of fire is a false one; no such accident has happened, I assure you.

*Enter Lady BRAMBLE.*

*Lady Bram.* Come, along, Sir Peregrine; come along, quick; let's make our escape.—Where's Harriet?

*Sir Per.* Aye, aye; you're ready enough when it's no longer necessary: the fire's out, the landlord says.

*Lady Bram.* Where, then, was the reason for alarming the whole family, Sir Peregrine?—You're always so timid and officious.

*Sir Per.* Oh! by the Lord Harry you shall be burnt in your bed another time for me.—A bus-

band's always officious.—And (to Peter) why the devil did you talk of flames burbling and canvas rattling. I'm always curs'd with either thieves or drunkards.

*Peter.* Your honor knows I'm no thief; as for drunkenness, it's my misfortune, not my fault.

*Lady Bram.* Are you sure it was a false alarm, Sir?

*Land.* Your Ladyship may convince yourself by walking this way.

*Lady Bram.* That I will.—Don't disturb Harriet then.

*Sir Per.* Harkee friend—was you ever disturbed so before?

*Land.* No, Sir; and 'twas maliciously done, I'm sure.

*Sir Per.* Aye, just at the time I was in it; it's my luck to nick these pleasant adventures.

(*Exeunt Landlord, L. Bram. and Peter.*)

At the time of the riots, I had a brace of Jesuits for next door neighbours, and a notorious Popish Priest in front; not a Protestant in the whole street except myself; and then I was kept sweating all night in Paris, with a B. P. chalk'd in capitals over my door; and was very near being hanged for having a nose like some damn'd rascal or other. What, are they gone? Zounds, if I am left alone, the fire will be breaking out again. (*Exit.*)

SCENE, a Passage Room of the Inn.

*Enter YOUNG PEREGRINE and HARRIET,*  
(*her face muffled up.*)

*Y. Per.* Come along, girl; come along; the chaise is not three lengths farther, the snuggest stall in South Molton-street.

*Har.* What, for your sister, Peregrine?

*Y. Per.* Family blood, damme.

*Har*

*Har.* You'd swear to these lips in a thousand?

*Y. Per.* Done up; fairly done up.—Why, I no more looked for you under the muzzle, than I did for the favourite in the next claret stakes.—How goes it wench, eh?

*Har.* Mind sister don't hear; she's such a knowing chit, she'd spoil the sport to have the pleasure of laughing at me; and laugh I must, my dear boy.

*Y. Per.* Oh, this is too much; I can't stand this. *(He's sneaking off.)*

*Har.* No, no; not so fast, my dear brother; after so long an absence, we must not part so soon.

*As she pulls him back, enter Sir PEREGRINE, Lady BRAMBLE and LANDLORD.*

*Sir Per.* What the plague—Peregrine here: why, how is this, my boy?

*Lady Bram.* It's unexpected, indeed: we thought you in London.

*Sir Per.* Aye; Metaphor said so.

*Y. Per.* So, so; I'm in a pretty scrape.—*(aside.)*—Yes, yes, Sir; I did go to London; that is,—I—I—went or was going to London; but when I knew you was here, it was useless, you know.

*Sir Per.* But how did you know I was here?

*Y. Per.* Why, upon my soul, Sir, I—

*Har.* He heard there was a packet arrived, Sir; and thought you might be in it.

*Y. Per.* Yes, yes; you know I told you, Harriet, that was the reason.—*(Thank ye, pufs; 'gad you must help me out.)*

*Har.* *(Oh, yes; I have debts to discharge.)* You can't think how gallant he's grown, Sir, since his travels.

*Y. Per.* Hush, hush.

*Lady Bram.* Well, Peregrine, we'll leave you for a few minutes with your father.—Sir Peregrine was in such a hurry that I forgot my revolution ribbands,



ribbands, and absolutely appear in an aristocratical cap.

(*Exeunt Lady Bramble and Harriet.*)

*Y. Per.* If you'll give me leave, Sir, I'll retire too ;—the fatigue of—

*Sir Per.* No, no, Peregrine ; we must have a little chat together. So you was in Russia about the 4th ?

*Y. Per.* In Russia the 4th, Sir ?—(So now the storm's a brewing.)

*Sir Per.* Metaphor explained to me.—I was confumedly puzzled at first, to think how you could get from thence in so short a time.

*Y. Per.* Why yes, Sir ; it is astonishing, to be sure.—Rein-deer, Sir—your rein-deer are the only things for expedition ; thirty or forty miles in an hour's nothing to 'em ;—race-horses are mere snails.

*Sir Per.* Rein-deer in Russia ! I've heard of them in Lapland.

*Y. Per.* And in Russia too, Sir ;—the Empress drives four in hand, the prettiest cream-colour'd animals ;—they are the things to get over a country ;—sett off the 4th, and came it with ease.

*Sir Per.* Aye, aye ; the 4th, old stile ; odd enough that the Russians should count that way, eh !

*Y. Per.* Old stile ? Why, yes, Sir ; it is a damned queer stile, to be sure ; but they are a queer people, you know.

*Sir Per.* I was vastly pleased with your account of Great Tom—very much so indeed.

*Y. Per.* Great Tom.—Great—Great Tom. Yes, yes ; the giant you mean ;—a prodigious size, to be sure ;—your O'Briens are mere pigmies.

*Sir Per.* Giant ! why, what are you thinking of ?

*Y. Per.* Oh ! true, Sir ; you mean the huge Russian boxer ;—he's a devil of a fellow—comes over next meeting ;—I'd back him against any man, Jew or Christian ;—such bones, Sir—fists, fists to sell an ox.

*Sir Per.*

*Sir Per.* Russian boxer! felling oxen! why, what the devil are you talking of? why, I mean the great bell put up by the Czar Peter.

*Y. Per.* (Oh, damn the bell and the Czar too; it has dumb founded me, I know,) Now, Sir, you explain yourself.

*Sir Per.* Why, St. Paul's cupola was nothing to it.

*Y. Per.* Oh, Lord—no, Sir; a mere thimble.

*Sir Per.* Nay; then I've forgot the measure; not such a disproportion as that.

*Y. Per.* True, Sir: but I have it in my notes, Sir; all my knowledge tight and snug in my notes: you don't think a man can carry it about him, like portable soup, to be served up in a second?—I should be perpetually confounding.—

*Enter Lord GLEANWELL.*

*Lord Glean.* With such reason, Sir Peregrine, to fear your displeasure, I dare scarcely appear before you.—My offence is indeed great; and yet, I trust, it admits of palliation.—Mutual love may find an excuse in a fond parent's bosom.

*Sir Per.* Mutual love, my Lord! why, what have I to do with mutual love?

*Lord Glean.* Your charming daughter has this night condescended to bestow her fair hand on me.—The violence of our passion—

*Sir Per.* How? Harriet married to you, my Lord? Zounds! it's impossible.—Why, where is she?—I can't believe it.

*Lord Glean.* Her delicacy would not suffer her to appear before you until I had softened the parental frown. Ah! Sir, I see you relent.—Were my Harriet here—I fly to introduce her.—This is beyond my wish. (*Aside.*) (*Exit in a hurry.*)

*Sir Per.* There now; I thought how 'twould turn out; firing the house was nothing to this!

My

My daughter flung herself away on a man whose birth, parentage, and education, I know no more of than I do of the iron mask.

*Enter Lord GLEANWELL, METAPHOR, and KITTY, masked.*

*Lord Glean.* Unmask, my angel; join with me in invoking the paternal blessing, here on my knees.

*(As Lord GLEANWELL is kneeling to Sir PEREGRINE, enter Lady BRAMBLE and HARRIET—METAPHOR on the opposite side. They all start—KITTY lets fall her mask.)*

*Y. Per.* This is excellent—the knowing ones flung.

*Lord Glean.* Damnation! what do I see? Miss Harriet there;—who the devil have I married then?

*Met.* Confusion—the Brighton girl—then are we ruined.

*Lady Bram.* Lord Gleanwell married to the chambermaid!

*Lord Glean.* Oh, rage and disappointment!

*Kitty.* Come, Sir, this blustering of your's is misplaced; look on me, and recollect the unhappy girl you so cruelly deserted at Brighton.

*Lord Glean.* Deserted! have you not tricked me into a marriage? basely trepann'd a man of my rank?

*Kitty.* Nay, if you won't confess, I have a witness.—Mr. Metaphor, step forth and aid his recollection.

*Met.* Have a care, huffey, how you sport with my character;—the solemn functions of a tutor—

*Kitty.* No, no, no; never fear, Sir; as you have been an accessory to my real as well as to my pretended marriage, I leave his Lordship to thank you.

*Sir Per.* What the devil is all this? Why, I had the



the very best character of Metaphor, as a man of sound integrity and deep erudition.

*Y. Per.* That, Sir, I am ashamed to say, I purchased.

*Sir Per.* Purchased, eh? how? what? who?

*Y. Per.* Yes, Sir; they cost so much trouble acquiring now a days, that people think it answers better to buy 'em ready made.—His integrity cost me twelve and sixpence, his erudition half a crown, and they chuck'd me in the soundness and depth for the odd silver.

*Her.* Give me leave to thank you, my Lord, for the distinguished honour intended me, and to congratulate your Lordship on having found one infinitely better calculated to wear her “blushing honours” than I should have been.

*Y. Per.* The next match you make, my Lord, 'ware crossing and jostling.

*Lord Glean.* When I saw the consequence an assumed title gave me in her Ladyship's eyes, I may surely be excused the wish to preserve it. But now, Kate, we'll e'en return to our old avocations.—You, as my Lady's maid, I as his Lordship's valet:—and thanks to the folly of some, and indolence of others, genius will never want employment.

*(Exit with Kitty.)*

*Y. Per.* Now that I mean to hunt single, what's to become of my honest little system of ethics here?—

*Met.* Oh!—no uneasiness about me, Sir;—I have still the pillory and Botany Bay—never-failing resources.—A man should either be pilloried into notice, or shipped out of it. If the first, your rotten eggs in the warm hand of genius are golden ingots;—if the other, he has a taste for travelling,—and like Madeira, long voyages suit his constitution.

*Sir*

*Sir Per.* How, Sir, do you feel no compunction!

*Mat.* Look ye, Sir Peregrine,—when you offered eighty pounds a year to your son's tutor, you forgot that any man (unless desperate in fortune and character) would reject so scanty a pittance, at a time, when the slightest literary abilities are held in such general estimation.— (*Exit.*)

*Lady Bram.* Well, Sir Peregrine, what say you now?—Has not Harriet escap'd marriage with a sharper? and have not the very means he used, served only to detect and punish himself?—Is not the real character of our son's tutor discovered, before we had felt any ill effects from the connection?

*Sir Per.* Aye, aye, my Lady, I never doubted that you would twist the introduction of a sharper to the family, as the forming a respectable connection—and a tutor of infamous character to my son, as the best preservative of his morals.—Zounds! your hydra-headed hopes would destroy a moderate share of philosophy, and make a man believe he was happy in spite of himself.—But I never was happy, nor ever shall be—unless your smiles should make me so.



F I N I S.